

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

(Continued on page 5.)

arrange a program and demonstrate and send out invitations to students and patrons to attend. It is noted that regular lessons be held in the morning and special programs in the afternoon. Such a day has been observed for the last five years untinguously.

charge. A meeting is being arranged to be held in the Court House in the evening and to be addressed by prominent speakers.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

was celebrated in St. Mary's Church, Nichollsstown, on Tuesday, when Mrs. Myra C. Weaver of Church street, widow of the late Wm. H. Weaver, and Albert J. Brady, were married at a nuptial mass by Rev. L. Aug. Bendter, rector of St. Mary's. There were pres-

—Mrs. David Plank has returned to Altoona after spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Mary Frock.

Nov. 20. St. Johns at Gettysburg.
Nov. 20. Lehigh at South Bethlehem.
Nov. 6. Johns Hopkins at Baltimore.
Nov. 13. Bucknell at Harrisburg.
Nov. 13. Mt. St. Mary's at Gettysburg.
Nov. 25. F. & M. at Lancaster.

—Mrs. David Plank has returned to Altoona after spending the week with

Patrons' Day.
February 19 has been designated Patrons' Day by County Superintendent H. Milton Roth for all borough and township schools. Teachers are urged to arrange a program and demonstrations and send out invitations to parents and patrons to attend. It is

the afternoon. Such a day has
observed for the last five years
antagonously.

A proper celebration of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, is being arranged by the patriotic orders of the town. Prof. J. Louis Sowers, Oscar A. Lupp and J. C. Hoke are members of the O. of I. A. committee, and Geo. A. Aughinbaugh, S. G. Spangier and Gerrus W. Myers of the P. O. S. of A. committee, having the following as

to be held in the Court House in the evening and to be addressed by prominent speakers.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

G. W. Weaver & Son

G. W. Weaver & Son

G. W. Weaver & Son

G. W. Weaver & Son

January's Clearance Sale

FURS

A New Years sale of guaranteed "Narobia" and Natural Furs, Under Price

An opportunity for women of Fashion to be fashionably "furred" at a minimum out-lay. The neck pieces are in various modish shapes, satin lined. The muffs are large pillow shapes, warm, non shedding stoutly sewed and lined in high quality silks and satins. We quote only a few of the many prices.

"NAROBIA" BLACK SHAWLS and SCARFS. Were \$7.00, \$9.00, \$10.00. Now

\$5.95, 7.25, 7.95

LARGE PILLOW MUFFS to match. Were \$7.00, \$10.00, \$14.50. Now

\$5.40, 7.90, 12.00

BLK. and BROWN DYED OPOSSUM SHAWLS and SCARFS. Were \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00. Now

\$5.00, 6.50, 8.90, 9.50

WATER MINK SHAWLS and SCARFS. Were \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00. Now

\$5.75, 7.95, 9.75

MUFFS to match. Same Reductions.

ISABELLA and BLK. DYED FOX. Were \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00. Now

\$7.50, 11.00, 15.75

HANDSOME PILLOW MUFFS to match at

\$7.50 to 16.00

HUDSON SEAL MUFF. Was \$22.50. Now

\$18.75

BLACK LYNX MUFF. Was \$35.00. Now

\$28.50

WILD CAT SETS. Now

\$9.00, 14.00

NAT. OPOSSUM and RACCOON SETS. Now

\$10.00, 14.50 to 18.50

Worth at least a fourth and a third more.

BLACK CONEY MUFFS—Large Pillow Shapes. Were \$4.00, \$2.50, \$1.59. Now

\$3.35, 2.20, 1.25

Clean up in Ready-to-Wear Dep't

1 lot LINGERIE and TAILORED WAISTS. Were \$1.00 to \$3.00. Now

50 cents

1 lot NET and SILK WAISTS. Were \$2.50 to \$5.00. Now

\$1.00

These Waists are all in sizes 34, 40 and 42.

1 lot SATIN NESSALINE WAISTS. in colors. Were \$3.50 to \$5.00. Now

\$1.50 to 2.50

1 lot FLEECEB DRESSING SACQUES. Were \$1.00. Now

35 & 50 cts.

ALL LADIES TAILORED SUITS. Were \$12.00 to \$30.00. Now

1-2 price

1 lot CHILDREN'S and MISSES' COATS. 1913-14. Were \$3.50 to \$5.00. Now

\$1.50 to 3.50

1 lot LADIES' COATS. Winter 1913-14. Were \$10.00 to \$25.00. Now

\$5.00

Many others still lower priced.

Balance of stock of late style LADIES' COATS. Were \$7.50 to \$25.00. Now

\$5 to 14.90

Balance of stock of late style MISSES' COATS. Were \$4.50 to \$12.00. Now

\$2.25 to 5.90



Sale Values Greater

Than Ever Before

These Clearance Values Demand Immediate Attention, as a complete clearance of All Winter Merchandise is necessary, to which we have added Great Stocks of New Cotton goods, now temporarily very cheap and on which we are sacrificing a part of the usual profit to make the Sale attractive to all the people.

It is hardly possible in the scope of this advertisement to give particulars all through. We mention a few items however as an earnest of what you can expect.

The Cotton Goods market is now at its very lowest prices for a period of years. Recent heavy purchases by us, and price adjustments of stock on hand make this a very important buying time, as we believe as soon as business opens for Spring there will be price reactions all along the line.

Long Cloths and Cambrics

Were
12 1-2 and 15c.; Now 11 and 12 1-2 c.
10 and 12 1-2 c.; Now 9 and 10c.
15 and 18c.; Now 12 1-2 and 15c.

English Nainsooks

15c.: Value 12 1-2c.
20c.: Value 15c.
25c.: Value 20c.
Now is the time to buy for Spring sewing.

50 Pieces

Best yard wide Percales, 10c. Yard wide Percales. 10c. kind. 8c. Both light and dark colors. 25 Pcs. Indigo and Black and Grey Calicoes. 5c.

Special Prices on all Heavy and Smeer White goods to Clean Up

Silks and Velvets

Yard wide Silk Poplins. colors and blacks:
Were \$1.00; now 75c.
\$1.50; now \$1.00.
Yard wide Cashmere de Sile; colors only:
Were \$1.50; now 90c.
Yard wide Blk. Messaline \$1.50 at \$1.15.
\$1.25 at \$1.00.
25 inch Costume Velvet: colors and blacks.
Were \$1.50; now \$1.19.

Remnants and Shorts of Fancy and Plain Silks. some at half the former price.

Bleached Muslins

Yard wide Bleached Muslins, well known brands are:
Now 10c., or 9c. by the 10 yds. Were 12 1-2 c.
Were 10c., now 8 1-2 by 10 yd. Now 7 1-2c., were 9c.
Now 6 1-4c. per yd.; were 8c.

Unbleached Muslins

Yard wide and 40 in. wide Unbleached Muslins
Now 8 1-2c.; were 10c.
Now 7c.; were 8c.
Now 5c.; were 6 1-4c.

Batt Cotton

200 lbs. Batt Cotton:
The 10c. kind at 8c.
The 12 1-2c. kind at 10c.

REMNANTS & ODDS & ENDS of Laces and Dress Trimmings of every character at HALF PRICE & LESS.

Sheets and Pillow Casings

Sheetings and Pillow Casings, well known brands:
42 in. P. Casing was 16c; now 13c.
45 in. P. Casing. was 18c.; now 15c.
54 in. P. Casing. was 22c.; now 19c.
8-4 Sheeting. was 27c.; now 24c.
9-4 Sheeting. was 29c.; now 25c.
10-4 Sheeting. was 32c. now 28c.
Other makes at equal reductions. Special Low Prices on Sheets and Pillow Cases.

India Linens

India Linens: lower priced as follows:
Were
12 1-2c.; now 10c.
15c.; now 12 1-2c.
20c.; now 15c.
25c.; now 20c.

Persian Lawns

Were
12 1-2c.; now 10c.
15c.; now 12 1-2c.
18 to 20c.; now 15c.
150 Pieces
Clean up of Embroideries. Every piece of Edging and Inserting in Cambric, Swiss and Nainsook that was dust soiled has been marked to close. Many at 1-2 price and even less. LOTS OF REMNANTS.

Heavy Shirtings

20 Pcs. Heavy Shirtings; the 10c. kind. now 8c.
10 Pcs. Heavy Cotton Plaids, now 5c.
28 inch Bleached Domet or Daisy Cloth. now 8c.
Have made a purchase of short pieces of MADRAS SHIRTINGS, DOTTED SWISSES, DRESS GINGHAMS, PRINTED CREPES &c at about 1-3 less than price.

Table Damasks

We were fortunate in securing about 15 pieces both Imported and made in U. S. A. Mercerized Table Damasks under former price, which we will sell at the following reductions.

Were 60 cts.	2 yds. wide	Now 50 cts.
Were 50 cts.	66 in. wide	Now 40 cts.
Were 30 cts.	64 in. wide	Now 25 cts.

Lengths of Linen Damasks at a saving from off the piece price

Fine Bleached Damask, 72 inches wide, \$1.00 and \$1.25 values at **85c & \$1.00**

One lot of Heavy and Large Unbleached Bath Towels. Were 25 cents. Now **19 cts.**

Many other small lots of Towels, Napkins, &c.

Under Priced

G. W. WEAVER & SON

THE LEADERS

DRY GOODS DEPT STORE

GETTYSBURG, PA.

SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER III.

The Survival of the Fittest.

"New York city and Chicago were in chaos. And what happened with them was happening in all large cities. A third of the New York police were dead. Their chief was also dead, like-wise the mayor. All law and order had ceased. The bodies were lying in the streets unburied. All railroads and vessels carrying food and such things into the great city had ceased running, and mobs of the hungry poor were pillaging the stores and warehouses. Murder and robbery and drunkenness were everywhere. Already the people had fled from the city by millions—at first the rich, in their private motor cars and dirigibles, and then the great mass of the population, on foot, carrying the plague with them, themselves starving and pillaging the farmers and all the towns on the way.

"The man who sent this news, the wireless operator, was alone with his instruments on the top of a lofty building. The people remaining in the city—he estimated them at several hundred thousand—had gone mad from fear and drink, and on all sides of him great fires were raging. He was a hero, that man who staid by his post—an obscure newspaper man, most likely.

"For twenty-four hours, he said, no transatlantic airships had arrived, and no more messages were coming from England. He did state, though, that a message from Berlin—that's in Germany—announced that Hoffmeyer, a bacteriologist of the Metchnikoff school, had discovered the serum for the plague. That was the last word, to this day, that we of America ever received from Europe. If Hoffmeyer discovered the serum, it was too late, or, otherwise, long ere this, explorers from Europe would have come looking for us. We can only conclude that what happened in America happened in Europe, and that, at the best, some several score may have survived the Scarlet Death on that whole continent.

"For one day longer the dispatches continued to come from New York. Then they, too, ceased. The man who had sent them, perched in his lofty building, had either died of the plague or been consumed in the great conflagration he had described as raging around him. And what had occurred in New York had been duplicated in all the other cities. It was the same in San Francisco, and Oakland, and Berkeley. By Thursday the people were dying so rapidly that their corpses could not be handled, and dead bodies lay everywhere. Thursday night the panic outbreak for the country began. Imagine, my grandsons, people, thicker than the salmon-run you have seen on the Sacramento river, pouring out of the cities by millions, madly over the country, in vain attempt to escape the ubiquitous death. You see, they carried the germs with them. Even the airships of the rich, fleeing for mountain and desert fastnesses, carried the germs.

"I was telling about the airships of the rich. They carried the plague with them, and no matter where they fled, they died. I never encountered but one survivor of any of them—Mungerson. He was afterward at Santa Rosa, and he married my eldest daughter. He came into the tribe eight years after the plague. He was then nineteen years old, and he was compelled to wait twelve years more before he could marry. You see, there were no unmarried women, and some of the older daughters of the Santa Rosas were already bespoken. So he was forced to wait until my Mary had grown to sixteen years. It was his son, Gimp-Leg, who was killed last year by the mountain lion.

"Mungerson was eleven years old at the time of the plague. His father was one of the Industrial Magnates, a very wealthy, powerful man. It was on his airship the Gendron, that they were fleeing, with all the family, for the wilds of British Columbia, which is far to the north of here. But there was some accident, and they were wrecked near Mt. Shasta. I have heard of that mountain. It is far to the north. The plague broke out among them, and this boy, Gimp-Leg, was the only survivor. For eight years he was alone, wandering over a deserted land and seeking vainly for his own kind. And last traveling north, he picked up with us, the Santa Rosas.

"But I am ahead of my story. When the great plague from the cities around San Francisco had begun, and while the telephones were still working, I talked with my brother. I told him this flight from the cities was insanity, that there were no symptoms of the plague in me, and that the thing for us to do was to isolate ourselves and our relatives in some safe place. We decided on the Chemistry building, at the university, and we planned to lay in a supply of provisions, and by force of arms to prevent any other

persons from forcing their entrance upon us after we had retired to our refuge.

"All this being arranged, my brother begged me to stay in my own house for at least twenty-four hours more, on the chance of the plague developing in me. To this I agreed, and he promised to come for me next day. We talked over the details of the provisioning and the defending of the Chemistry building until the telephone died. It died in the midst of our conversation. That evening there were no electric lights, and I was alone in my house in the darkness. No more newspapers were being printed, so I had no knowledge of what was taking place outside. I heard sounds of rioting and of pistol shots, and from my windows I could see the glare on the sky of some conflagration in the direction of Oakland. It was a night of terror. I did not sleep a wink. A man—why and how I do not know—was killed on the sidewalk in front of the house. I heard the rapid reports of an automatic pistol, and a few minutes later the wounded wretch crawled up to my door, moaning and crying out for help. Arming myself with two automatics, I went to him. By the light of a match I ascertained that while he was dying of the bullet wounds, at the same time the plague was on him. I fled indoors, whence I heard him moan and cry out for half an hour longer.

"In the morning my brother came to me. I had gathered into a hand-bag what things of value I proposed taking, but when I saw his face I knew that he would never accompany me to the Chemistry building. The plague was on him. He intended shaking my hand, but I went back hurriedly before him.

"Look at yourself in the mirror," I commanded.

"My God!" he said. "I've got it. Don't come near me. I'm a dead man."

"Then the convulsions seized him. He was two hours in dying, and was conscious to the last, complaining about the coldness and loss of sensation in his feet, his calves, his thighs, until at last it was his heart and he was dead.

"That was the way the Scarlet Death slew. I caught up my handbag and fled. The sights in the streets were terrible. One stumbled on bodies everywhere. Some were not yet dead. And even as you looked you saw men sink down with the death fastened upon them. There were numerous fires burning in Berkeley, while Oakland and San Francisco were apparently being swept by vast conflagrations. The smoke from the burning filled the heavens, so that the midday was a gloomy twilight, and, in the shifts of wind, sometimes the sun shone through dimly, a dull red orb. Truly, my grandsons, it was like the last days of the end of the world.

"There were numerous stalled motor cars, showing that the gasoline and the engine supplies of the garages had given out. I remember one such car. A man and a woman lay back dead in the seats, and on the pavement near it were two more women and a child. Strange and terrible sights there were on every hand. People slipped by silently, furtively, like ghosts—white faced women carrying infants in their arms; fathers leading children by the hand; singly, and in couples, and in families—all fleeing out of the city of death. Some carried supplies of food, others blankets and valuables, and there were many who carried nothing.

"There was a grocery store—a place where food was sold. The man to whom it belonged—I knew him well—a quiet, sober, but stupid and obstinate fellow, was defending it. The windows and doors had been broken in, but he, inside, hiding behind a counter, was discharging his pistol at a number of men on the sidewalk who were breaking in. In the entrance were several bodies—of men. I decided, whom he had killed earlier in the day. Even as I looked on from a distance, I saw one of the robbers break the windows of an adjoining store, a place where shoes were sold, and deliberately set fire to it. I did not go to the groceryman's assistance. The fire for such acts had already passed. Civilization was crumbling, and it was each for himself.

"I went away hastily, down a cross street, and at the first corner I saw another tragedy. Two men of the working class had caught a man and a woman with two children, and were robbing them. I knew the man by sight, though I had not been introduced to him. He was a poet whose verses I had long admired. Yet I did not go to his help for at the moment I came upon the scene there was a pistol shot, and I saw him sinking to the ground. The woman screamed, and she was felled by a fist blow by one of the brutes. I cried out threateningly, whereupon they discharged their pistols at me, and I ran away around the corner. Here I was blocked by an advancing conflagration. The buildings on both sides were burning, and the street was filled with smoke and flame. From somewhere in that

murk came a woman's voice calling shrilly for help. But I did not go to her. A man's heart turned to iron amid such scenes, and one heard all too many appeals for help.

"Returning to the corner, I found the two robbers were gone. The poet

and his wife lay dead on the pavement. It was a shocking sight. The two children had vanished—whether I could not tell. And I knew, now, why it was that the fleeing persons I encountered slipped along so furtively and with such white faces. In the midst of our civilization, down in our slums and labor ghettos, we had bred a race of barbarians, of savages; and now, in the time of our calamity, they turned upon us like the wild beasts they were and destroyed us. And they destroyed themselves as well. They inflamed themselves with strong drink and committed a thousand atrocities, quarreling and killing one another in the general madness. One group of workmen I saw, of the better sort, who had banded together, and, with their women and children in their midst, the sick and aged in litters and being carried, and with a number of horses pulling a truckload of provisions, they were fighting their way out of the city. They made a fine spectacle as they came down the street through the drifting smoke, though they nearly shot me when I first appeared in their path. As they went by, one of their leaders shouted out to me in apologetic explanation. He said they were killing the robbers and looters on sight, and that they had thus banded together as the only means by which to escape the prowlers.

"It was here that I saw for the first time what I was soon to see so often. One of the marching men had suddenly shown the unmistakable mark of the plague. Immediately those about him drew away, and he, without a remonstrance, stepped out of his



All Fleeing Out of the City of Death.

place to let them pass on. A woman, most probably his wife, attempted to follow him. She was leading a little boy by the hand. But the husband commanded her sternly to go on, while others laid hands on her and restrained her from following him. This I saw, and I saw the man also, with his scarlet blaze of face, step into a doorway on the opposite side of the street. I heard the report of his pistol, and saw him sink lifeless to the ground.

"After being turned aside twice again by advancing fires, I succeeded in getting through to the university. On the edge of the campus I came up on a party of university folk who were going in the direction of the Chemistry building. They were all family men, and their families were with them, including the nurses and the servants. Professor Badminton greeted me, and I had difficulty in recognizing him. Somewhere he had gone through flames, and his beard was singed off. About his head was a bloody bandage, and his clothes were filthy. He told me he had been cruelly beaten by prowlers, and that his brother had been killed the previous night, in the defense of their dwelling.

"Midway across the campus, he pointed suddenly to Mrs. Swinton's face. The unmistakable scarlet was there. Immediately all the other women set up a screaming and began to run away from her. Her two children were with a nurse, and the other ran with the women. But her husband, Doctor Swinton, remained with her.

"Go on, Smith," he told me. "Keep an eye on the children. As for me, I shall stay with my wife. I know she is as already dead, but I can't leave her. Afterward, if I escape, I shall come to the Chemistry building, and you may watch for me and tell me."

(Continued next week.)

HOWARD DILL was arrested by Officer J. C. Shealer in York, on a charge of false and fraudulent pretense, preferred by Nervis Kennedy, of Tyrone township. The charge evolved from a horse trade in which a note was given Dill formerly worked for Kennedy. The defendant gave bail in the sum of \$500 for hearing before Squire Hill, January 25th.

List of Jurors

List of Grand Jurors drawn December 19, 1914, for the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg in and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of January A. D. 1915.

GRAND JURORS.

Baker, Noah, farmer, Hamilton Twp.
Bender, J. C., farmer, Mt. Pleasant Twp.
Black, Charles W., farmer, Mt. Joy Twp.
Bushey, Elmer L., blacksmith, Latimore Twp.
Dietrich, Curtis, farmer, Reading Twp.
Hill, Levi J., carpenter, Gettysburg 1st Ward.
Richterberger, W. E., painter, Tyrone Twp.
Eppley, J. J., farmer, Mt. Joy Twp.
Homer, J. B., miller, Highland Twp.
Hoffman, Elias, farmer, Menallen Twp.
Huber, Prof. Chas., professor, Gettysburg 1st Ward.
Kindig, John, farmer, Union Twp.
Low, J. Harry, J. P., Fairfield Bor.
Lower, Calvin T., agent, Franklin Twp.
Mumfer, Jacob I., farmer, Gettysburg 1st Ward.
Myers, Harry, farmer, Germany Twp.
Miller, Benjamin, farmer, Huntington Twp.
Phillips, H. A., farmer, Union Twp.
Plank, Emory, plumber, Gettysburg 1st Ward.
Rebert, Charles, farmer, Franklin Twp.
Sanders, H. C., clerk, Biglerville Bor.
Sheely, D. M., farmer, Franklin Twp.
Stoner, Charles, farmer, Conowago Twp.
Smith, Walter H., farmer, Liberty Twp.

PETIT JURORS.

List of Petit Jurors drawn December 19, 1914, for the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery to be held at Gettysburg in and for the County of Adams the fourth Monday of January A. D. 1915.

Asper, D. C., Tile Company, Menallen Twp.
Baughman, Edward, farmer, Germany Twp.
Benchoff, Charles, farmer, Freedom Twp.
Bream, Jeff., farmer, Menallen Twp.
Bixler, Claude, agent, Littlestown Bor.
Chronister, Edward, farmer, Hamilton Twp.
Hartzell, Benjamin F., blacksmith, Franklin Twp.
Hayberger, William H., farmer, Menallen Twp.
Heckenlaver, Hanson, laborer, Arendtsville Bor.
Hornberger, John, cigarmaker, Littlestown Bor.
Homan, Theodore, shoemaker, Gettysburg 2d Ward.
Hollinger, Rev. Albert, produce, Cumberland Twp.
Hoffens, Michael, pump maker, Hamilton Twp.
Kennedy, Thomas, farmer, Menallen Twp.
Krug, Daniel, farmer, Oxford Twp.
Lochbaum, Albert M., farmer, Franklin Twp.
Mackley, Dr. U. L., veterinarian, Littlestown Bor.
Miller, Andrew, farmer, Huntington Twp.
Mickley, D. A., gent, Franklin Twp.
Moore, Henry J., bricklayer, Hamilton Twp.
McCollough, James, farmer, Cumberland Twp.
Nickey, Byron L., farmer, Reading Twp.
Nixon, H. B., Prof., Gettysburg, 2nd Ward.
Noel, Calvin, farmer, Mt. Pleasant Twp.
Overbaugh, Jerome, cigarmaker, McSherrystown 1st Ward.
Peters, Henry, constable, Fairfield Bor.
Pittenturf, Harry J., shoe cutter, New Oxford Bor.
Renner, David, farmer, Germany Twp.
Shull, Robert H., farmer, Franklin Twp.
Slonaker, Franklin, janitor, Gettysburg 1st Ward.
Smith, A. J., tinner, Gettysburg 1st Ward.
Smith, Harry J., farmer, Conowago Twp.
Stahler, Edward B., farmer, Straban Twp.
Stover, E. Cecil, teacher, Arendtsville Bor.
Twisden, F. B., farmer, Cumberland Twp.
Wills, John, gent, Gettysburg, 3rd Ward.
Wagaman, Harry D., farmer, Liberty Twp.
Long, Adam, farmer, Mt. Pleasant Twp.

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WHY not give your lad the same training?

"When I was a growing lad, and came upon many words in my reading that I did not understand, my mother, instead of giving me the definition when I applied to her, uniformly sent me to the dictionary to learn it, and in this way I gradually learned many things besides the meaning of the individual word in question—among other things, how to use a dictionary, and the great pleasure and advantage there might be in the use of the dictionary. Afterward, when I went to the village school, my chief diversion, after lessons were learned and before they were recited, was in turning over the pages of the 'Thebroid' of those days. Now the most modern unabridged—THE NEW INTERNATIONAL—gives me a pleasure of the same sort. So far as my knowledge extends, it is at present the best of the one-volume dictionaries, and quite sufficient for all ordinary uses. Even those who possess the splendid dictionaries in several volumes will yet find it a great convenience to have this, which is so compact, so full, and so trustworthy as to leave, in most cases, little to be desired."—Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature, Yale Univ. April 23, 1911.

WRITE for Specimen Page, Description, Etc., of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, For Over 88 Years Publishers of The Genuine Webster's Dictionaries, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

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DISSOLUTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1914, the Gettysburg and Petersburg Turnpike Company filed in the Court of Common Pleas for Franklin county, its petition, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that a hearing upon said application for said dissolution has been

fixed by said Court for the 26th day of JANUARY, 1915, at 10 o'clock a.m. when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petitioner, if they so desire.

DONALD P. McPHERSON,
SHARPE & ELDER,
Solicitors for Petitioner.

Gettysburg Compiler
Gettysburg, Pa.

WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, Editor
SATURDAY, JAN 23, 1915.

A NEEDED ORGANIZATION.

In a recent conversation with several citizens of Gettysburg, the subject of an Adams County Historical Society was discussed and the unanimous opinion was expressed that this county should have such a society, that the present generation owed it to the community and that the time was ripe for such an organization. About ten years ago Prof. Aaron Sheely at our request prepared several articles on why this county should have an Historical Society. He had given a part of his life to the gathering of information along such lines. When the articles were finished and handed to us he requested that they should not be used until the time was ripe for the movement. Believing the time is here we print these articles, by one who was devoted to his county, as pointing the way.

Historical Society.

Why should we have such a society? Because such a society is necessary to the preparation of a suitable county history. Up to the present time Adams county has nothing that can properly be called a history. Historical sketches almost without number have been written from time to time, many of them of a high order of merit, but they are not history, strictly speaking. They afford pleasant reading for the moment, but they are soon laid aside and forgotten. Quoted illustrations of this could be cited, wherein the writers themselves lost sight of their productions. At best it is fragmentary and disjointed. A good history of the county should be easy, pleasant and profitable reading which many of these compilations are not. A history of Adams county should be systematically arranged as to subjects and topics, and should be properly indexed so that every item of information in the book can be readily found.

One of the duties of an historical society is the formation of a library devoted exclusively to the bibliography of the county's history. Books, papers, pamphlets, records, original manuscripts—everything indeed that has even a remote bearing upon some phase or feature of the county's history come under this head. It is probable that there is still a considerable quantity of such historical matter yet available, but no time should be lost in locating and securing it, if that is possible. This task is becoming more and more difficult as the years pass. The curators of other county associations are abroad in the land, and they are rapidly despoiling us of literary and antiquarian treasures which we should by all means retain. York county already has 2,000 volumes of this kind in its collection, and is rapidly adding to it. Indian relics, such as stone axes, knives, pipes, hoes and arrow heads of various kinds, sizes and shapes are yet found in considerable numbers in certain portions of the county. With prompt and suitable effort, it is believed, a reasonably good collection of such aboriginal curiosities is still possible. There are a good many of these interesting relics yet scattered through the county, many of which, by proper effort doubtless could be secured by loan, gift or purchase for a county collection, but no time should be lost in doing it.

Another very important matter and one which should by all means engage the attention of a county historical society, is a museum of battle relics from the field of Gettysburg. When we stop to think of it, it is not a matter of wonder and surprise that a thing of so much importance has been so long neglected. Our battlefield has been preserved, marked and beautified in a manner so complete and grand as to challenge the admiration of the world for ages to come. Long after the youngest of those who now tread these hills and valleys have been gathered to their Father's, will countless thousands visit this greatest of battlefields. As the years come and go the interest is everything connected with the place will increase.

Great indeed will be the satisfaction of the future visitor if he can gaze upon a complete collection of bona fide relics of the battle. But they will need to be genuine and correct beyond a doubt. Probably in a century or two hence every one of the grim and weird instruments and implements of death here used forty years ago will be antiquated and obsolete. That is true now of every circumstance of war employed a century ago. Will it not be even more so a hundred years hence? The condition will add zest and interest in a high degree. It is possible that under careful auspices of a historical society, a very complete cabinet of Gettysburg relics could not be made. Doubtless many private collections more or less complete could be secured by loan with a view to ultimate donation in case the society's collection becomes permanent.

One of the most important offices that could be filled by the attention of a historical society, and this one is perhaps the most neglected, is the collection of the names of the soldiers who fought at Gettysburg. It is a well known fact that the names of the soldiers who fought at Gettysburg are not known in many instances.

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Blood
Medicine

That originated in a famous doctor's successful prescription, that is made from the purest and best ingredients, that has a record of relief and benefit believed to be unequalled the world over—such is HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

these intrepid and brainy men, notably those who kept in close touch with General Headquarters, at the Leister House, had thrilling experiences. Several had their horses shot under them at Meade's Headquarters. Many of these graphic reports formed the basis of histories of the battle written by them subsequently. For years afterwards, even down to the present time, thousands upon thousands of accounts and descriptions of the battle have been written and published. It has been estimated that not fewer than 10,000 separate and distinct narratives of the battle, of a more or less pretentious character, have been written. Probably not one of that number was superfluous or unnecessary.

But strange as it may seem very few stories of the great battle from a citizen's standpoint have ever been penned. It should yet be done. A historical society should attend to it.

AARON SHEELY.

Runkle Will Case.

On Thursday Register of Wills C. W. Gardner continued the hearing of witnesses in the Runkle will contest. The witnesses heard were those of the contestant and were the near neighbors of Miss Runkle. A very strong case is being made out of want of capacity. Mrs. D. J. Swartz, Preston Tate, Norman H. Swartz, T. P. Turner, John McDonnell, Luther McDonnell, Rev. F. E. Taylor, Geo. Stonaker, B. J. Spangler and John Thorn testified to the conditions in which she lived showing mental incapacity. Mr. Turner and the Messrs. McDonnell testified to remarks of Mrs. Ritter, that Miss Annie Runkle was "just like a baby" and "crazy as a bed bug."

Committee Appointments.

In the organization of the House and Senate announced on Wednesday, the representative of Adams county seems to have fared well. Hon. D. Calvin Ardelli received appointment to such important committees as Corporations, Railroads and Public Buildings.

Senator Hoke of this Senatorial District, was made chairman of Education Committee and is a member of following committees: Appropriation, Judicial Appointment, Judicial General, Legislative Appointment, Library, Public Grounds and Buildings, and Public Printing.

January Court.

The regular January court convenes next Monday and the outlook is for a very brief criminal court and likely no trials of civil cases. The criminal calendar may develop several trials but prospectively ETAO AOIN but prospects are for a number to be terminated by pleas of guilty.

There are seven cases on the civil trial list. The case of Jacob Starnes vs. W. M. R. R. has been settled. The three cases of administrators of estate of H. J. Weiler vs. Insurance companies will be continued. It is doubtful whether a trial will develop from remaining cases. E. W. Seunick vs. J. G. Stover, trespass case; F. W. Kappes vs. Geo. W. Weikert, appeal case, and Geo. W. Worley vs. Reynolds Weaver, an appeal case.

Father Whalen Robbed.

A bold highway robbery occurred in Scranton this week when two masked men held up Rev. William Whalen, assistant pastor at St. Francis Xavier Church. They rifled his pockets, procuring \$9.50 in cash and escaped, says a dispatch to the "Philadelphia Inquirer." Rev. Fr. Whalen is well-known here, having been a former assistant pastor at St. Francis Xavier Church.

Meeting of Hunting Club.

Marsh Creek Hunting Club will meet in Cashtown on Saturday evening and will discuss plans for building a lodge on their grounds on the Cold Springs road and will elect officers for 1915.

Xavier Catholic Club.

The Xavier Catholic Club, with 25 members, organized this week and Frank Stonaker was chosen president. Martin Breighner, vice president, and Ralph Redding secretary, while Rev. W. F. Boyle will act as treasurer. The house committee for the first six months is composed of Edgar P. Hamilton, Ralph Redding and Joseph Maguire. The objects of the club are entirely of a social character. The club will occupy the room in Xavier Hall used by the Catholic Beneficial Society which will continue to meet there once a month. The room has been attractively remodeled. The walls have been tinted and the woodwork painted. A large supply of substantial furniture is to be installed including a library table, a cozy corner and plenty of chairs to make the place comfortable. Games will be provided and a large supply of reading matter will be purchased.

STORAGE BATTERIES recharged. This company recharges with direct current at proper voltage, no rectifier used. Three cell battery 50c. Repair, clean, expert attention given. All work guaranteed.

GETTYSBURG LIGHT CO.

SALESMAN WANTED to look after and interest in Adams and adjacent counties. Salary negotiable. Address THE HARVEY BROS. CO., 100 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.

BARLOW.

Barlow, H. C. and Co., 100 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa. are now receiving a large stock of goods and are now receiving a large stock of goods and are now receiving a large stock of goods.

The McHugh Brothers Company, 100 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa. are now receiving a large stock of goods and are now receiving a large stock of goods.

The Dorcas Class of St. James' Sunday School gave Miss Mary Wilcox a kitchen stove on Thursday evening.

CONVINCING
FACTS

Here's a money making investment! Investigate and the facts will prove our assertion.

Invest your money in our GOOD CLOTHES while the bottom is out of the market. That's the entire story.

OUR SPLENDID
NEW SUITS
AND OUR
OVERCOATS

that have been sold all season for \$8, \$12, \$15 and \$18 can now be had for \$5.75, \$7.75, \$9.75 or \$11.75

Everything in our store in Shoes, Rubbers, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing goods at Cut Prices.

Just come to see and the "fact" will convince you that "now" is the time to stock up your wardrobe.

L. E. KIRSSIN
Balto. St. Gettysburg, Pa.

REPORT

Of the condition of the National Bank of Arendtsville, at Arendtsville, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, Dec. 31, 1914.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....\$125,860.92
Overdrafts, unsecured..... 25.32
U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)..... 24,300.00
Bonds, securities, etc., on hand (other than stocks) including premium on

Farmers : and : Stockmen

Get Your Stock in Condition for Summer Work.

The careful ones always feed some good Food and Regulator.

We carry nothing but the guaranteed brands and they also carry with each package our store guarantee. "Absolute Satisfaction" or your money refunded. our brands are The Standard, The Prussian and Pratts, in assorted sizes.

PEOPLES DRUG STORE

Rexall A. D. S. Vinol Victrola

After Inventory Specials

We have a number of specially large pieces of decorated dinner ware placed on our 10c counter. As there are not very many pieces of a kind the lot may go quickly. If you are interested better look at them soon. Some China pieces in the lot also.

Ask for S. & H. Green Trading Stamps. \$1.00 given free the last Wednesday of each month.

Gettysburg Dep't Store

COME TODAY
Annual
January Sale

A lot of Men's Hats—48c

Several dozen Neck Mufflers at Just 1-2 Original Price

Men's and Boy's Shirts—28c

100 four In Hand Ties—19c

Odds and ends Men's Hose—6c a pair

3 dozen men's and boy's Sweaters At 1-2 Original Price

A few Raincoats (Men's) 1-2 price

Umbrellas 37c—originally 50

Men's Fur Caps, Fur Gloves, Fur Collars At 1-3 off

Assorted lot Men's Rubbers—58c

Men's Shirts \$1 and \$1.50 now—80c

Lot of Women's Rubbers—48c

Odd lot Men's Shoes \$1.48 and \$1.98

A few pairs Boy's Shoes—98 and \$1.48

Very special lot Children's Shoes. 68c, 78c, 88c according to size

Odd lot Ladies Shoes—98c and \$1.48

Children's Canvas Leggings—28c

Other items too, but small lots Not enough to advertise

All Merchandise must be paid CASH—No goods will be given on approval

COME TODAY

Eckert's Store

"On the Square"

Store Closes Evenings at 6 Except Saturday

EDGAR C. TAWNEY

Dealer in Bread, Rolls, Cakes and Pretzels Everything is Fresh and of the Very Best.

WEST MIDDLE ST., GETTYSBURG

FOR RENT—A small farm of 40 acres, lying one-half mile from Greenmount, Benjamin Baker now resides there. Land is in a good state of cultivation. Apply to MRS. ENMA J. REIGLE, Emmitsburg, Md.



Professional Cards

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Chas. B. Stouffer, D.D.S.
DENTIST, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office Second Floor of Star and Sentinel Building, Balto. St.

John D. Keith
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office First National Bank Building, Centre Square.

S. S. Neely
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
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Charles E. Stahle
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Wm. McSherry, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office of Balto. St., opposite Court House.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Office second floor of Star and Sentinel Building, Balto. St. Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him.

Wm. McClean
Late Pres. Judge.

Wm. & Wm. Arch. McClean
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.
Law offices in Compiler Building, Balto. Street, a few doors above Court House on opposite side of street.

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NOTICE

In the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Pennsylvania.

In re: William G. Leas No. 1 of April Term, 1911.

East Berlin Railway Company, Plaintiff, vs. In Equity.

To the Stockholders and Creditors of the East Berlin Railway Co.

Take notice that the first and final account of William G. Leas, Receiver of the East Berlin Railway Company, was presented to the above named Court on Jan. 9, 1911, together with a proposed schedule of distribution of the balance in hand; that the same will be finally confirmed, approved and adopted by said Court without further order or notice unless exceptions are filed thereto in my office before the hour of 10:30 a. m. on FEBRUARY 8, 1915. Said account and schedule are now on file in my office.

By order of Court
T. MARSHALL MEHRING,
Prothonotary.

John D. Keith, Esq.,
Solicitor for Accountant

In the matter of the Estate of Philip Cooley, late of the Borough of Bendersville, County of Adams and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of Adams County.

Notice is hereby given to the heirs-at-law of Philip Cooley, deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, that an appraisal setting aside to Rebecca Cooley, widow of said Philip Cooley, deceased, property of said estate amounting to the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, under the Act of April 1, 1909, has been filed in my office and confirmed nisi by the Court, to be confirmed absolute within thirty days thereafter unless exceptions thereto are filed within said period.

WILLIAM E. OLINGER,
j 17-3L Clerk.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the last will and testament of Harry Deardorff, late of Arendtsville, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned.

JOHN A. KNOUSE,
Executor.

Or his Attys.,
Wm. & Wm. Arch. McClean.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Dr. J. F. Mackley, late of Fairfield Borough, Adams county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ANNIE MACKLEY,
Executrix.

Western Maryland Ry.

EFFECTIVE SEPT 5th, 1914

5:50 a. m. Daily for Hanover, York, and Baltimore.

5:09 a. m. Daily except Sunday for Hanover, York and intermediate points.

10:09 a. m. Daily for Hagerstown, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Hanover, York, and Baltimore.

3:44 p. m. Daily for Hanover, York, Baltimore and intermediate stations.

5:33 p. m. Daily except Sunday for Hagerstown and intermediate stations.

11:22 p. m. Daily for Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Pittsburgh and the West. Also W. Va. points.

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Attention given to securing and prosecuting patents for inventions.

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WAY OF THE WORLD

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

(Copyright 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

"It's settled," announced John Ritchie gloomily, as he entered the humble home kitchen and threw himself into a chair with an abandon that evidenced strong emotion.

His patient-faced wife looked up anxiously, their pretty daughter, Ina, with quick eagerness. Both knew what he referred to, but silently waited for him to explain.

"The lawyer filed the will in court today," proceeded Mr. Ritchie. "It leaves everything to Blanche Morton."

Mrs. Ritchie grew a trifle white about the lips, the hopeful gleam died out of her faded eyes. Ina's face quivered. She was not avaricious, but she had to confess secretly to a severe disappointment. She left the kitchen, passed out into the garden, chose a shaded corner and sat down and cried.

"Hardly right, is it, Nancy?" submitted Mr. Ritchie to his wife.

"It's hard, John, and unjust," responded his helpmeet with a gulp, bitterly. "My own brother, too! I see it all now. My dear sister's folks have been courting favor with Uncle Ralph for over a year in the interests of Blanche. Of course, she's my niece, but we know that she is selfish and scheming. They tell me that she and her father just had Brother Ralph under their thumb for the last year. I don't doubt they poisoned his mind against us and Ina. Poor Ina!" and Mrs. Ritchie wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron and resumed her drudgery tasks with a hopeless sigh of desolation.

It was, indeed, hard for the Ritchies. Things had gone wrong with John Ritchie for the past year or two, and he was desperately in debt. There was an old mortgage on the little home, held by Uncle Ralph. They had hoped at the least that he would remit this. It seemed not, however. Everything had gone to Blanche, mort-

gaged and all. Knowing the ways and worth of that self-centered young lady, Mr. Ritchie doubted if she would show much mercy.

He came upon Ina as he strolled about the garden. She was not aware of his near presence, and he softly stole back to the house, his face more saddened than ever.

"Nancy," he said to his wife, "I want you to be more gentle with Ina than ever. She's out in the garden crying out her heart. Poor child! You know what that means."

"Disappointment about the fortune, I suppose," observed Mrs. Ritchie, dreadingly. "She had a right to expect something, and we certainly needed it badly."

"I'm afraid it's that young man, Albert Telford," said Ritchie, bluntly.

"Why, I didn't think it had gone that far," remarked Mrs. Ritchie, with a start. "I knew he was friendly to Ina and to Blanche, too. In fact, to half the girls in the village."

"Yes, but lately he has about equally divided his attentions between Ina and Blanche," explained her husband. "And I think he has favored Ina. Of course, that's all over and done with now."

"What do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Ritchie.

"It's the way of the world, Ina poor. Blanche rich. He's a likely chap and can take his pick. It will be Blanche and the fortune, naturally."

However, twice during the ensuing week young Telford called at the Ritchie home, as was his wont. He was courteous as usual, but Ina fancied there was a new subterfuge about him. She learned that he had visited her cousin, Blanche. Telford seemed to be studying her. She could not fathom him. No word of love had passed between them. She wondered if, in his generous-hearted way, he was not making an effort to break off their close friendship gracefully.

She heard great news of her fortunate cousin, the heiress, Blanche. She had started out to make a great spread. She was arranging to sell all the property which she had inherited. She was talking of building a mansion home. She had entered on a career of reckless extravagance. One day she invited Ina to come down to the old home. Ina's heart saddened as she entered the place, to find it dis-

mantled. Blanche was selling off everything. She offered Ina some of the old relics of the family. In tears Ina selected only a framed, faded picture of her dead uncle, which hung in the room where he had died.

A month went by. Blanche was urging the closing up of the estate as speedily as possible. One day Mr. Ritchie came home with a serious, worried face.

"There are some pretty heartless people in the world," he remarked, dejectedly.

"What now?" questioned his wife.

"Blanche. What do you think? Her lawyer notified me today that we must pay up the mortgage on the place here, now owned by her."

A dull blow fell upon all the hearts within the room. It had meant poverty before. It was sheer destitution now. The selfish avarice of Blanche was apparent. The family decided to move to another town. Then came a vast surprise. There came by mail one day a week later a package. It contained the mortgage, the notes and a release deed. The dear old homestead was free of debt!

"Blanche has relented!" cried Mrs. Ritchie joyfully.

"No," dissented her husband. "I have learned positively that Blanche had no hand in this blessed deed. It is some benefactor friend who does not wish his name known," but the next day he found out who it was—Albert Telford.

What did it mean? Should Ina feel humiliated, or glad? She could not analyze the situation, yet she felt it needed an explanation. She went to the Telford home. It was to learn that Albert had gone to the city to fill a new and better position.

"Oh, my dear," said his mother, "don't you understand? It was love that prompted him to give all he had for your sake."

Then it was not the rich Blanche, but the poor Ina whom he loved! What could Ina do but feel happy!

And then a second wonderful thing came to light—unheard of, extraordinary. In cleaning the old picture of her uncle, Ina noticed a sheet of paper folded in its back. She inspected it.

There was the latest will of Uncle Ralph. Practically a prisoner of Blanche and her friends, he had seized a favored moment to make this latter will, just before he died. It had been witnessed secretly by two old servants, whom Blanche had later discharged.

There was a great commotion in the town when the news came out. In shame and chagrin Blanche Morton disappeared, meanly taking with her what money she had been able already to secure from the estate.

"Come home," ran a telegram to Albert in the city, and it was signed by Ina.

"I have sent for you to return the money you so nobly gave to us," she told him. "Your mother misses you, and—and—"

"You, too, want me to stay?" inquired Albert softly.

And her blushes, her quivering lips, her ardent grateful eyes answered him lovingly.

She inspected it.

gaged and all. Knowing the ways and worth of that self-centered young lady, Mr. Ritchie doubted if she would show much mercy.

He came upon Ina as he strolled about the garden. She was not aware of his near presence, and he softly stole back to the house, his face more saddened than ever.

"Nancy," he said to his wife, "I want you to be more gentle with Ina than ever. She's out in the garden crying out her heart. Poor child! You know what that means."

"Disappointment about the fortune, I suppose," observed Mrs. Ritchie, dreadingly. "She had a right to expect something, and we certainly needed it badly."

"I'm afraid it's that young man, Albert Telford," said Ritchie, bluntly.

"Why, I didn't think it had gone that far," remarked Mrs. Ritchie, with a start. "I knew he was friendly to Ina and to Blanche, too. In fact, to half the girls in the village."

"Yes, but lately he has about equally divided his attentions between Ina and Blanche," explained her husband. "And I think he has favored Ina. Of course, that's all over and done with now."

"What do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Ritchie.

"It's the way of the world, Ina poor. Blanche rich. He's a likely chap and can take his pick. It will be Blanche and the fortune, naturally."

However, twice during the ensuing week young Telford called at the Ritchie home, as was his wont. He was courteous as usual, but Ina fancied there was a new subterfuge about him. She learned that he had visited her cousin, Blanche. Telford seemed to be studying her. She could not fathom him. No word of love had passed between them. She wondered if, in his generous-hearted way, he was not making an effort to break off their close friendship gracefully.

She heard great news of her fortunate cousin, the heiress, Blanche. She had started out to make a great spread. She was arranging to sell all the property which she had inherited. She was talking of building a mansion home. She had entered on a career of reckless extravagance. One day she invited Ina to come down to the old home. Ina's heart saddened as she entered the place, to find it dis-

mantled. Blanche was selling off everything. She offered Ina some of the old relics of the family. In tears Ina selected only a framed, faded picture of her dead uncle, which hung in the room where he had died.

A month went by. Blanche was urging the closing up of the estate as speedily as possible. One day Mr. Ritchie came home with a serious, worried face.

"There are some pretty heartless people in the world," he remarked, dejectedly.

"What now?" questioned his wife.

"Blanche. What do you think? Her lawyer notified me today that we must pay up the mortgage on the place here, now owned by her."

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